

GEE

Formerly entitled ASTONISHING,  
STARTLING, PUZZLEFYING, AND  
GENERALLY UNNATURAL STORIES  
OF SCIENCE, FANTASY, SCIENCE\*  
FANTASY, AND OTHER FANCIFUL  
SUBJECTS OF LITTLE VALUE AND  
LESS INTEREST

JUNE 1953 15 MARKS



STORIES BY

SAM TREACLE

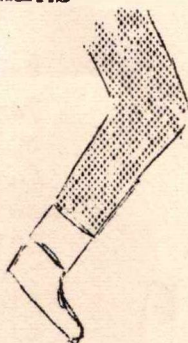
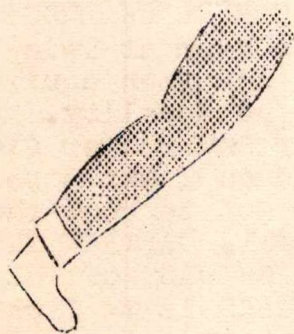
J. STANLEY OATWORTHY

MORTIMER W. SPINDLE

AND MANY, MANY, MANY,

MANY, MANY, MANY,

MANY OTHERS



THEY WRITE?

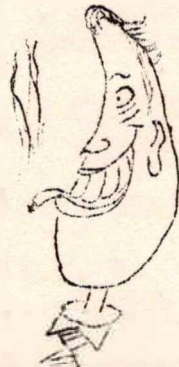
SAM TREACLE

"I was born in a hollow log on the south slope of Mt. Shasta and later traveled extensively as part of a firwood shipment. The idea for BILGEWATER PLANET came upon me suddenly as I was doing the backstroke through a Chicago sewer (against the current). I hope the reading of my humble story will bring you as much nausea as the writing of it brought me."



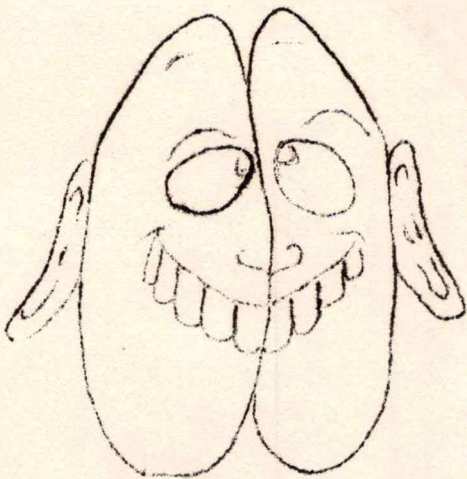
J. STANLEY OATWORTHY

"Before I became a writer, I held the usual jobs: olive stuffer, chicken plucker, taster in an ant paste factory. I was recently hit in the back of the head with a baseball bat and since then I have started writing science-fiction."



CORNELIUS MUDGE

"I was born at Twin Rocks, Penn. and soon aquired a split personality. My father and mother flew away when I was 3 so I never got to know them too well. CAPTAIN EXCRETION, OUTCAST OF THE SPACEWAYS is my first attempt at science-fiction, my previous literary experience having been limited to the painting of 'Post no bills' signs on the walls of outhouses."



# GEE

JUNE 1953

ALL STORIES OLD  
AND DECOMPOSING

PUBLISHER  
William J. Calabrese

EDITOR  
W. Jacques Bellygrease.

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Siberia. Allow four years for change of address.  
All stories appearing in this magazine are  
lousey. Any similarity to quality is purely  
accidental. Bottled in bond.



THE EDITOR SPEAKS

Dear readers,

Here is another issue of GEE. You will be happy to know that our circulation has jumped one hundred percent - we now send copies to Moscow as part of the cold war. We are pleased to announce that future issues of GEE will be bigger and better (this statement is based upon the fact that when you've reached rock bottom there is no direction left but up). As you can see, we have some jim-dandy stories for you this month. Land Where No Dandruff Falls was written by J. Stanley Oatworthy while riding to Gettysburg on the back of an envelope. Sam Treacle has returned to the fold. We managed to obtain Bilgewater Planet at very reasonable terms. Sam is paying us to print the story, which is as it should be. Newcomer Cornelius Mudge, with Captain Excretion, Outcast of the Spaceways, proves that he soon will be going places and we will be glad to get rid of him. The one and only Roy Cranberry is here too with a brand new story. There is only one Roy Cranberry - and that's a pretty good arrangement when you think it over. And, rounding out our lineup we have Mortimer W. Spindle with a story that, fortunately for us, was rejected by CRUDDY COMICS. All in all, we think you will agree that we have put together a pretty raunchy issue - but what can you do with a crumby budget like ours?

Next issue we have a suprise for you; a new serialized novel by your old friend, Oscar Hoppingham Pyles. This novel is so long that it will take two years to print it all. If you're smart, you'll cancel your subscription, it isn't worth it. If the publisher would give us some money, maybe we could afford to print some decent stuff in this rag.

Starting next issue, this magazine will be written in longhand - we can't afford type.

The publisher is a stingy bastard, the publisher is a stingy bastard, the publisher is a stingy bastard the publisher is a stingy bastard the publisher is a stingy bastard the publisher is a stingy bastard.....

W. J. B.

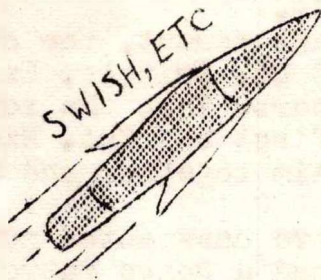
CAPTAIN EXCRETION,  
OUTCAST OF THE  
SPACEWAYS

by  
CORNELIUS MUDGE

\*\*\*\*\*

...Defecated from  
the Space Patrol,  
Captain Excretion  
was roughage,  
doomed to roam the  
alimentary canal.

\*\*\*\*\*



Captain Wilber Thimble, better known through the length and breadth and maybe even the depth of space as Captain Excretion, restlessly paced the length and breadth and maybe even the depth of the space cruiser's bridge. Captain Excretion was an outlaw, a renegade, yet one so bold and fearless as to cast flickering fingers of boredom across the faces of all who fell in his path.

Captain Excretion was cast deep into gloomy thought as he paced the bridge of the space cruiser F.E.H. 63 $\frac{1}{2}$ . The man's great mind, which knew no peer in all the universe, was reliving the past. A great mind indeed; as closely as the limitations of intelligence tests could measure, Captain Excretion had an I.Q. of 99, which, as any psychologist will confirm, is only one point away from perfect. The great man speculated on the event that had made him an outlaw, the event that had caused him to be stripped of his rank in the Intersolar Space Patrol and put a price on his head. He remembered with regret the poster he had seen on a fadora tree on the inner planet of the Bimbleworth system: "Wanted, information leading to the arrest of that bounder, Wilber Thimble, better known as Captain Excretion - reward, \$1.98".

The worst of it was that he was innocent. He had not cheated in that game of animal rummy at Space Patrol headquarters. He had come upon that pair of hippopottomi legally, but Capt. Shrinkage had accused him of cheating. On the strength of that Captain Excretion had been court-marshaled but had managed to escape, along with some of his loyal followers, in the F.E.H. 63 $\frac{1}{2}$ . But since that day, there had been

one thought in the mind of Captain Excretion (there wasn't room for more than one at a time) and that thought was the determination to clear himself of the foul charge that had been brought against him.

At that moment, the door of the bridge opened and Lt. Pringle, Excretion's second in command, burst into the room. It was rather messy at first but Cpt. Excretion succeeded in scraping him together and Pringle had unexpected news.

"I have unexpected news," said Pringle "We have spotted a Space Patrol ship in our scanners. It is giving us chase."

"Galloping Gandymede," exclaimed Cpt. Excretion, "this is unexpected news!"

Cpt. Excretion strode to the scanner and turned it to Channel 4. It was true, there was and Space Patrol ship giving them chase. Excretion recognized it as the S.O.F.E.H. 87½, so designated because it was equipped with the new Spacial Overdrive which had been developed after Excretion's outcast. Fate was taking a hand, for the S.O.F.E.H. 87½ was commanded by Cpt. Algernon Shrinkage!

"My Captain," exclaimed Pringle, "I fear we are lost, for we cannot hope to outdistance the cruiser of the Space Patrol, equipped as it is with Spacial Overdrive."

"Exactly so, Mr. Pringle," said Cpt. Excretion, his stern face hardening in determination, "but neither can they hope to outgun us for it is well known through the length and breadth and maybe even the depth of space that we are as well armed as any ship of the Space Patrol. Their overdrive will do them no good in a close on fight."

"Then we shall fight them, my Captain?"

"No, my boy," replied Captain Excretion, laying his hand upon the shoulder of the younger man. "Bold outlaw and fearless renegade that I am, I cannot find it within me to open fire upon these brave men clad in the famous purple dickie that is the insignia of the Space Patrol. And besides, I'm afraid."

"You're scared, Excretion?"

"Yes, boy, I'm scared excretion."



At that moment a voice came over the inter-space radio.

"Thimble, this is Captain Algernon Shrinkage speaking. I request your immediate surrender in the name of the Intersolar Space Patrol. I have been sent by the Commander of the Intersolar Space Patrol to capture you and besides, I need the \$1.98."

"Pringle, my boy," said Cpt. Excretion, great wet salt tears running down his cheeks, "there is but one thing to do - surrender." And he did.

\* \* \*

The chamber was silent. The Court of the Intersolar Space Patrol was in session. Cpt. Excretion stood before the panel of high ranking officers.

One of the officers was questioning him.

"Is there a product involved in what you do?"

"I'll give you a qualified yes," replied Excretion.

Then the senior officer broke in.

"Wilber Thimble, better known through the length and breadth and maybe even the depth of space as Captain Excretion. In view of the evidence brought forward against you, this court finds you guilty of treason and cheating at animal rummy and therefore sentences you..."

"Wait, forebear and desist!" cried a voice at the back of the chamber.

Lt. Pringle stepped forward.

"I too was in that game, and I saw him," Pringle pointed an accusing, though slightly soiled, finger at Shrinkage, "slip that extra hippopotamus into the Captain's hand when he wasn't looking.

At this, Shrinkage shrunk back and tried to escape but was dragged back.

"Why did you do it, Algernon?" asked Excretion sadly.

"Well, you know how it is, Wilber. We needed a plot for this crummy story..."

"Take him away," said the senior officer, "And you, Cpt. Excretion, you are once more an honored officer of the Space Patrol."

"Bully work, my boy," said Excretion to the beaming Lt. Pringle, "but why did you not speak before?"

"You never asked me," replied Pringle.

# BILGEWATER PLANET

by  
Sam Treacle

\*\*\*\*\*  
...Another adventure of Donald Dare, fealess  
hero of the spaceways...  
\*\*\*\*\*

Donald Dare set the spacer down in the clearing, climbed out and looked at it critically.

The old spacer that he had blasted through two years of uranium prospecting was a bit old but he had repaired it before. Swiftly he set to work. He re-attached the airlock with band-aids and a wad of bubble gum, lashed the number two rocket to its frame with a length of twine, and sealed the leaking hull with a mixture of marmalade and powdered milk.

He stepped back to admire his work. It was evident that here was a man of scientific genius. Dare had, but four years before he had come to Bilgewater Planet, graduated at the head of his class from Wrenchwell Institute of Technology.

At that moment, Dares thoughts were interrupted by a scream of fear.

"Hark," said Dare ever ready for some devil-may-care bit of adventure "I hear a scream of fear which has interrupted my thoughts about my graduation from the Wrenchwell Institute of Tehnology which ocured four years before I... etc. etc."

From out of the underbrush ran a beautiful Bilgewaterian maiden, clad modestly in a shoe-lace.

"Oh, please save me Donald Dare. For I know you are Donald Dare because you are known throughout the length and breadth and maybe even the depth of space as a fealess protector of the oppressed and as a strong, two-fisted Planet Stories type hero, Oh save me Donald Dare, for at my shapely heels is that most feared of Bilwatrian beasts, the terrible



Glonkwottle and I fear the Glonkwottle wishes to devour my lovely person which certainly you will wish to save for yourself for later on in the story."

"Fear not, fair maiden, for the policy of this (PITUI!) magazine allows no lovely maiden to be eaten by a Glonkwottle."

Then, with a roar, the Glonkwottle came charging out of the forest. He was horrible, he was unmarried, he used Brillo.

With a clenching of his mighty fists, Donald Dare sprung into action. And, grabbing the Glonkwottle by two of his 63 arms, he tore the monster into 1,954 pieces.

"Alas," said the Glonkwottle, "I am slain. I am torn into 1,954 pieces. Believe me, this being a BEM has its disadvantages."

With this the monster expired.

Donald Dare turned to the shapely Bilwatrian maiden.

"Oh, Donald Dare!" she cried "You have slain the Glonkwottle and torn him into 1,953 pieces."

"1,954."

"1,954. Now I am yours, Donald Dare," said the maiden, "I, Zelda Clobbinshoggle, am yours forever. Crush me in your manly, Planet Stories type, arms."

"Ah, alas, It cannot be," said Donald Dare "for I must not tarry here but must be off for more adventures. Off to distant planets where adventure awaits me."

Thus speaking, Donald Dare climbed into his spacer and, with a final gay, devil-may-care wave, blasted off into the Bilgewatrian heavens.

Zelda watched his ship as it grew smaller and smaller in the sky. And then, with admiration and gratitude softening her lovely voice, she said:

"You stupid fink!"

LAND WHERE NO  
DANDRUFF FALLS

by  
J. Stanley  
Oatworthy

\*\*\*\*\*  
...Here is a story about something that might  
happen at any time to me, you, him, her, or it...  
\*\*\*\*\*

I was sitting in a bar when it happened. I was drinking kerosene on the rocks when this guy sat down next to me. He was a skinny little guy with a sort of greenish complexion. He ordered a beer and spoke to me in a funny skweaky voice - must be a foreigner, I thought.

"Very nice weather we are having, is it not?"

I calmly turned to him, spilling my drink on the bar - part of the bar went up in flames.

"Yeh," I answered. I have always been considered a witty conversationalist.

"I like the dry weather but I do not like the rain. I am not used to rain."

"Yeh?" I answered, falling off the stool.

"Do you read this kind of magazine?" He showed me a copy of SUPER STUPIFYING SCIENCE-FICTION TALES that he had been carrying under his arm.

"Yeh." I said, climbing back on the stool. In the process I knocked over a bottle of Old Tennis Shoe that had been standing on the bar.

"It is very interesting these stories. I most like the stories which are about the Land Where No Dandruff Falls."

"What place is that?" I asked, motioning to the bartender for another hooker of S.A.E. 30.

"Oh - Mars."

He took off his hat. I noticed that he was bald and had a pair of blue horns. Probably a member of the Elks, I thought.

"But do you like these storys?" he asked.

"Yeh, I guess so. Some of my best friends are science-fiction fans - in fact, all of my friends are science-fiction fans." I ordered another drink - a double.

"Tell me," he leaned closer, his breath hitting me in the face - I didn't dare light a match. "do you really think there are people on - er - Mars?"

"I don't know." I said, "I guess there might be." My upper plate began to wobble.

His third regarded me. It was in the middle of his forehead. It was orange.

My lower plate began to wobble.

"And do you think perhaps that there may be a Martian somewhere on Earth, at this very moment, acting as a scout for a Martian invasion of Earth?"

"It could be." I said. My teeth were chattering so hard that I could hardly chew my drink.

"I've got a suprise for you," he said, leaning still closer and staring at me with all three eyes.

"Yeh," I said. "W-w-what is it?"

"I'm no more a Martian than you are. I was born this way."

He walked out.

I can't tell my friends about it. They wouldn't believe me.

---

Don't miss the next issue  
of  
ECTOPLASM

Is Calabrese Imaginary?  
Is Calabrese really three  
people?  
Or is he just another pen  
name of George O. Smith?  
Don't miss the naked, stark,  
awful truth.

At your nearest junk dealer or from the publisher.

---

NEED MONEY?

So do we - Send us some.



# FANEWS

Reported by Edith Titwillow \* \* \* \* \*

Hi there! Here I am again, and I'm just bubbling over with exciting bits of news for all you fans of science fiction and fantasy.

The first thing on our agenda is this year's World Science-fiction Convention, naturally. And what a peachykeen affair it is going to be! Again this year, there will be a masquerade, but no cheating this time! You probably remember that last year Furpingham Griddlebottom, prominent Shaver enthusiast and letter writer to *Weird Tales*, came as Cthulhu and nearly won the prize for the most horrible costume when we found that he wasn't wearing a costume at all. We can assure you that you will meet many interesting people and things at the convention and you will have a jolly time afterwards when the festive throngs separates to engage in such carefree sports as dropping rotten eggs from 7th storie windows and hitting small boys and policemen with live flounders. There are sure to be many entertaining fueds at this year's convention with the usual background of tantrums, tears, blood, and broken noses and collarbones. In addition, for you female fans, there are many opportunities to be seduc... to enjoy the company of other fans. So, send your dollar today to Oswald Plunk, Fractured Arms Hotel, Nome, Alaska.

And now, to review some of this month's fanmags. The fanmag editors, bless their pointed little heads, have been very busy this month, racking their child-like minds for ideas and cranking their broken down mimios like crazy.

\* \* \*

G00 - Edited by Oswald Plunk, Fractured Arms Hotel, Nome, Alaska. 5¢ per copy

This issue feature some fine pornographic artwork by J. Droolingham Fiend and also an article titled The First Trip To The Moon by Stirdly Greencheeze. Be sure to miss this one.

BIBBLBIBBL \* Edited by Sam Crump 198 Puddle St. Drizzle, Oregon. 10¢ per copy.

Here is a new idea in fanmags: a fanzine composed entirely of reports on convention reports. More better you should buy a cheap cigar.

LCOA - A humor magazine put out by the Little Crackpots of America. I especially liked the story titled Poof, There Goes Willie by Carter Fink. A very well done job and I feel that in ten more issues it may become readable.

THE NATIONAL SCIENCE SUPPORTER - Published monthly by the National Science Support Society.

A newsy mag though given over mostly to club business. Prominent in this issue is an article by George Fenclop in which he proposes to organize a N3S Press Gang which will be assigned to recruit new members. There is also a treasury report that has mostly to do with such everyday expences as "Gunpowder - \$123.50" "Fuse - \$2.98" etc. Also there is an editorial titled Remember Guy Fawkes.

GAMMA III - Edited by Walter W. Plunkwell, 1444 Dipper St., Splash, Ohio. 15¢ per copy.

A very interesting little magazine filled with articles, stories, poems, artwork, book reviews, and racing results. The editorial, Will Galaxy Replace Necking?, is well worth ignoring. Wilberforce H. Stanza's poem, Flit, I Am a Vampire Bat, is enjoyable when read forwards and confusing when read backwards - or was it the other way around?

Well, that is all for now, fen. I will be back next month with more facinating fan fare.

---

BE THE LIFE OF THE PARTY  
Learn to play the Bass Fiddle at home  
Oswald Cadenza  
619 Catgut Rd.  
Squeal, Ohio

BISCUITBOTTOM REVISITED  
or  
REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS BISCUITBOTTOM  
by  
Mortimer W. Spindle

\*\*\*\*\*  
...The fabulous  
Lord Biscuitbottom  
needs no introduc-  
tion - In fact,  
he deserves none...  
\*\*\*\*\*

It had been two years since I had last seen Lord Biscuitbottom and I was beginning to think that he had been avoiding me. I decided forthwith to visit him. I was loth to let our friendship lie fallow and, moreover, the old crumb owed me nearly half a crown. Accordingly, I arose promptly at 1:45 and, deciding against breakfast, I had lunch instead - then I set out for Lord Biscuitbottom's.

It was an unusually fine day in London. The fog had lifted. Unfortunately, it had only lifted four inches so I was obliged to crawl on my stomach.

I found Biscuitbottom engaged in his favorite sport, shooting small boys out of his pear tree. Presently, he turned, and in the process of marking up his score on the wall, perceived me hanging by my heels from a moosehead.

"I say, Hugh, old grub," exclaimed Lord B., restoring his smoking elephant gun to the gun rack, "do come down and have a dish of tea."

"I say," remarked Biscuitbottom after a bit, "did you hear that I am standing for Parliament next term?"

"That's interesting," said I, "there are few englishmen who can stand for Parliament."

"I suppose it's all in your outlook, what," replied Biscuitbottom, squirting a bit of lemon juice in my left eye.

At that point, a dark man wearing a turban entered with the crumpets.

"Who was that?" I asked, tossing a lemon rind into the fireplace.

"Oh, that's Abdul," replied Lord Biscuitbottom with a smile, "he's an old family container."



"I say," said I, "don't you mean retainer?"

"No," replied Biscuitbottom with a sigh, "he's quite hollow you know."

"Oh, by the by, Hugh, old wicket" said Lord B. after a while, "Did I tell you that I've invented a time machine?"

"Really?" I yawned, "How frightfully interesting."

"There it is over in the corner."

The machine had been ingeniously fabricated from herring tins, old marmalade jars, cricket bats, and five pound notes.

We went to ancient Greece first but we found that all the inhabitants were interested in was drinking wine and chasing naked women. Totally unbritish.

We tried Rome next. Biscuitbottom's frequent declairations for the Queen and the Anglican Church got us thrown to the lions. They were remarkable beasts but had hardly any manners.

We tried medieval Italy but the weather was so beastly - no fog.

It was time for tea again so we decided to leave off for the day.

"Come again, Hugh, but don't make it too soon," said Biscuitbottom, as he gave me a friendly kick out the door, "Feel free to walk straight in - that is, if you can get past the mastiffs."

It was not until I had reached home that I remembered that I had not asked him for the half-crown.

## LEARN YOUR OWN BUSINESS

Drive getaway cars - In demand by Bank Robbers and Hold-up men all over country - write:

Louie the fix  
Box 13, Chicago, Ill.

THE  
LETTER  
BOX



BACK IN THE FOLD

Dear Jacques,

I must congratulate you on the crummy job you did on the last issue of GEE - boy did it smell! I used to be a regular reader of GEE until I thought I saw signs of improvement in the magazine. I quit reading GEE for a while but the other day, I noticed a copy in a garbage can and took it home and read it (the magazine, not the garbage can - tho a comparison can easily be made). I was delighted to learn that GEE is just as bad as ever - in fact, it's getting worse! Since I can't stand good science-fiction and go for only the lowest form of trash, I am a GEE reader for life.

Pamela Prunehaven  
Wrinkle, Nebraska.

RATES LAST ISSUE

Dear Jacques,

I spit on your last issue - PITUI!  
A loyal reader

MORE RAVES FOR GEE

Dear Stupid,

I read your last issue. I had to, I'm the proof reader. I quit.

A friend

Dear Egghead,

Read your last issue. You used too much ink.  
The publisher

Dear Jacques,

Just finished your last issue - you lose.  
A wellwisher

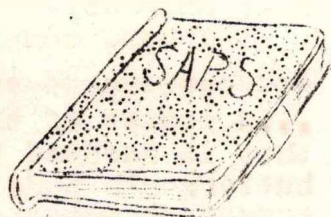
Dear Jacques,

Just finished last issue. Liked the wart remover add best.

Elmer Fliff  
43 Horsehair Dr.  
Bindlestiff, Vt.

## WISDOM OF THE AGES

In the forgotten libraries of the world age thousands of volumes of the little known knowledge of mankind. The society has devoted itself to the re-discovery of these important but neglected books and now offers them to you as a source of power and inspiration.



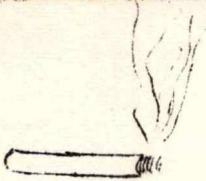
### THE LIBRARY OF SACRED WISDOM

How to Make a Four the Hard Way  
The Trance State and What to Do When You Get There  
The Mystic Mysteries of the Mystic Mystics  
The Teachings of Mugwump  
How to Tell Fortunes With Wet Prune Pits  
I Spoke with the Dead or 10 Nights in a Barroom  
I Have Been in the Sewers  
The World Will End in 1924  
The Mystic City of Bridgeport  
Magnetize Your Liver  
Boswell's Life of Shaver  
Shaver's Life of Palmer

The above beautifully bound in unprocessed birch bark and unmitigated gall - \$1.00 each

BROTHERHOOD OF THE PURPLE OUTHOUSE  
Hogwash, Arizona





THE BLOOP  
IN THE NIGHT  
by  
Roy Cranberry

\*\*\*\*\*  
...A master of the fantastic story tell a tale  
that is assured to turn the marrow of your bones  
butterscoth pudding...  
\*\*\*\*\*

I live in a subway. I am a cigarette machine  
in a subway. I wait. I stand and wait against  
the wall in the subway. I am the cigarette  
machine that stands and waits against the wall  
in a subway. When you are a cigarette machine  
that stands against the wall in a subway, you  
wait.

I look at the wall of the subway. It is the  
color of over-ripe tunafish salad. I am the  
cigarette machine that stands and waits against  
the wall in the subway looking at the wall that  
is the color of over-ripe tunafish salad. Within  
my chromium bright self there are no cigarettes.  
I am an empty cigarette machine that stands  
and waits against the wall in the subway and  
stares at the wall which is the color of  
over-ripe tunafish salad. I wait.

They came into the subway.

The three.

The sound of their suade hipboots came  
gossimer across the corridor. And their reedy  
soft voices swept softly through the gloom.

"It is late. We are in the subway. We must  
catch the uptown express."

"Yes, Mr. Carson. You are right - the uptown  
express."

Small gears began to turn in my match rack  
and in the Luckie Strike section of my cigarette  
tray. Small voices within me brought information  
to my chromium shiny machine brain. The voices  
spoke in small metallic tones:

"The large grey haired one with the rock-  
hard face does not use chlorophil."

"The little one with the glasses smokes  
Parliaments... He is a fairy."

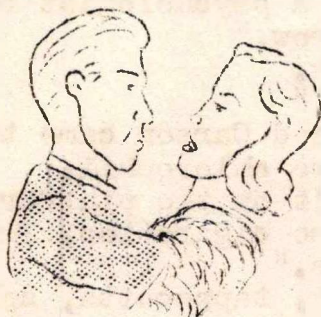
I waited.

Click, click, tappocata,  
"Is the express coming yet, Svenson?"  
"No, sir."  
"What's the matter, Svenson?"  
"Don't know. Don't like this place. That  
deoderant add over there looks evil."  
The third one spoke.  
"Yeh, evil."  
"Better see a psychologist tomorrow, Svenson."  
"Yeh, tomorrow."  
Click, click.  
"Yeh, click."  
The one called Carson came toward me.  
He didn't use chlorophil.  
"You two wait on the platform, I must stay  
behind to buy some cigarettes. I must buy some  
Camels - to smoke."  
Click, click, tappocatta, splat, tinkle-  
tinkle.  
I saw it. The taking leave - the departing -  
the going away.  
Carson took out a silver-shiny quarter.  
He put the quarter in the coin slot.  
Click, click.  
He pulled the lever.  
Rasp, rasp.  
The lever was rusty.  
He waited for the cigarettes.  
I was empty.  
Carson shook me and the small gears within  
me began to turn.  
Click, click.  
Carson reached up inside to find the  
cigarettes that he had paid for.  
Thousands of steel arms grasped his wrist.  
\* \* \*  
They came - they bought cigarettes.  
The lighting.  
Scratch.  
The smoking.  
Puff.  
They threw the cigarettes away.  
"Must be stale. Lousey taste."  
Next time I must try a turk. They say that  
turks are best.  
I wait.

NOW IT COMES TO THE SCREEN - WITH ALL ITS  
SMASHING  
IMPACT

SHE

Was a good  
girl until  
she met the  
boy next door  
.....



HE

was bad  
he was evil,  
he smoked  
CIGARETTES!  
.....

NOW, AT LAST, THEY ARE TOGETHER!! THE SCREEN'S  
MOST TORRID LOVERS!!

MARGARET O'BRIAN AND  
BUSTER KEATON

in

# LITTLE WOMEN

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Produced by Walter Crumbcake

Directed by J. Arthur Treacle

Choreography by Sam Jiggs

A STUPENDOUS PRODUCTION released through  
ANONYMOUS ARTISTS

original story by Louisa Mae Alcott

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